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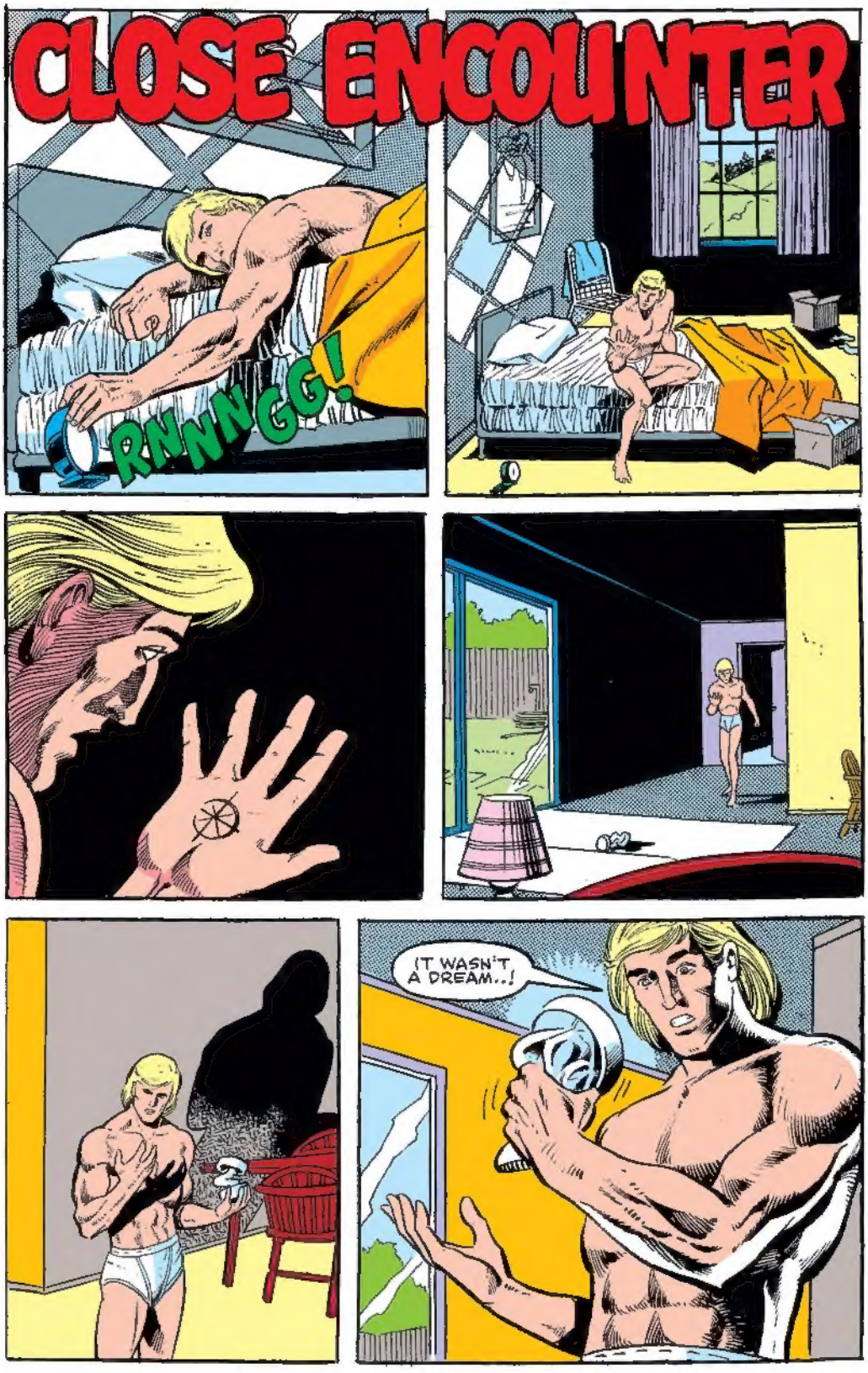
CLOSE ENCOUNTER
RNNNGG!
IT WASN'T A DREAM..!

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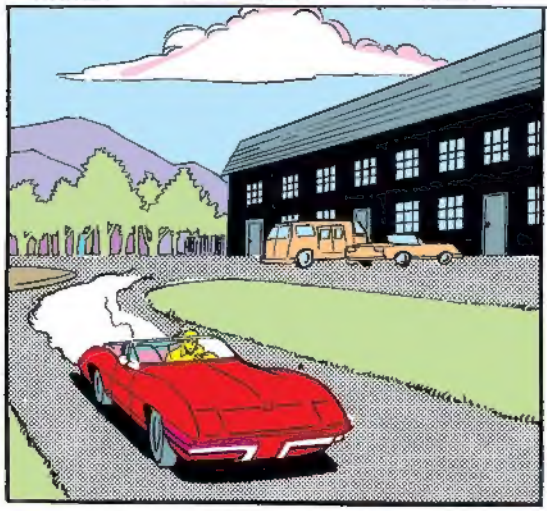
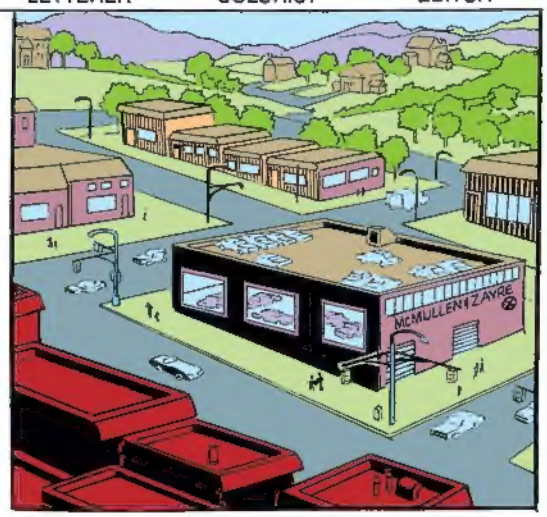
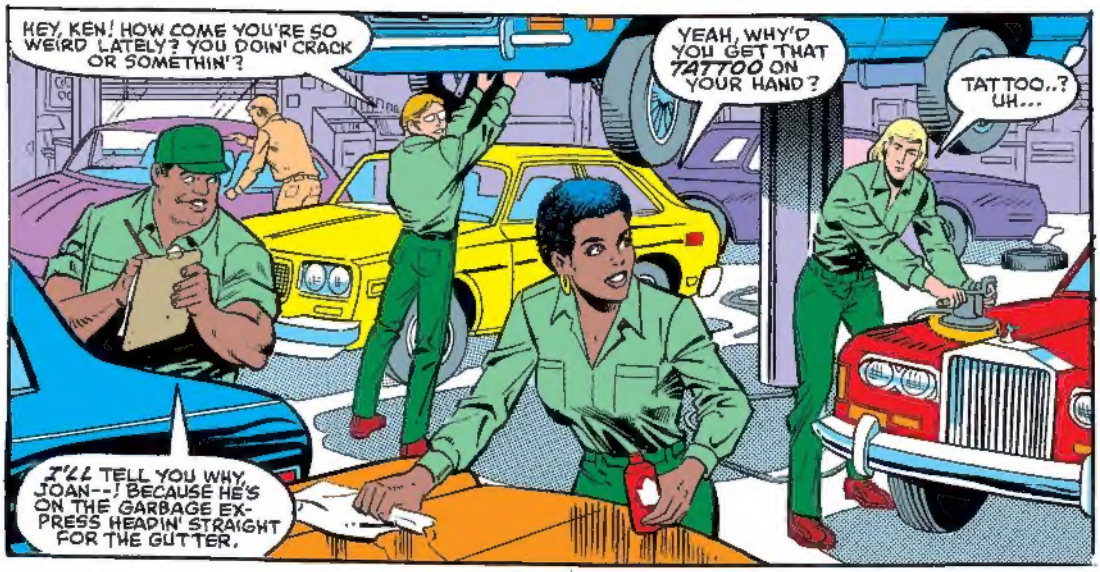
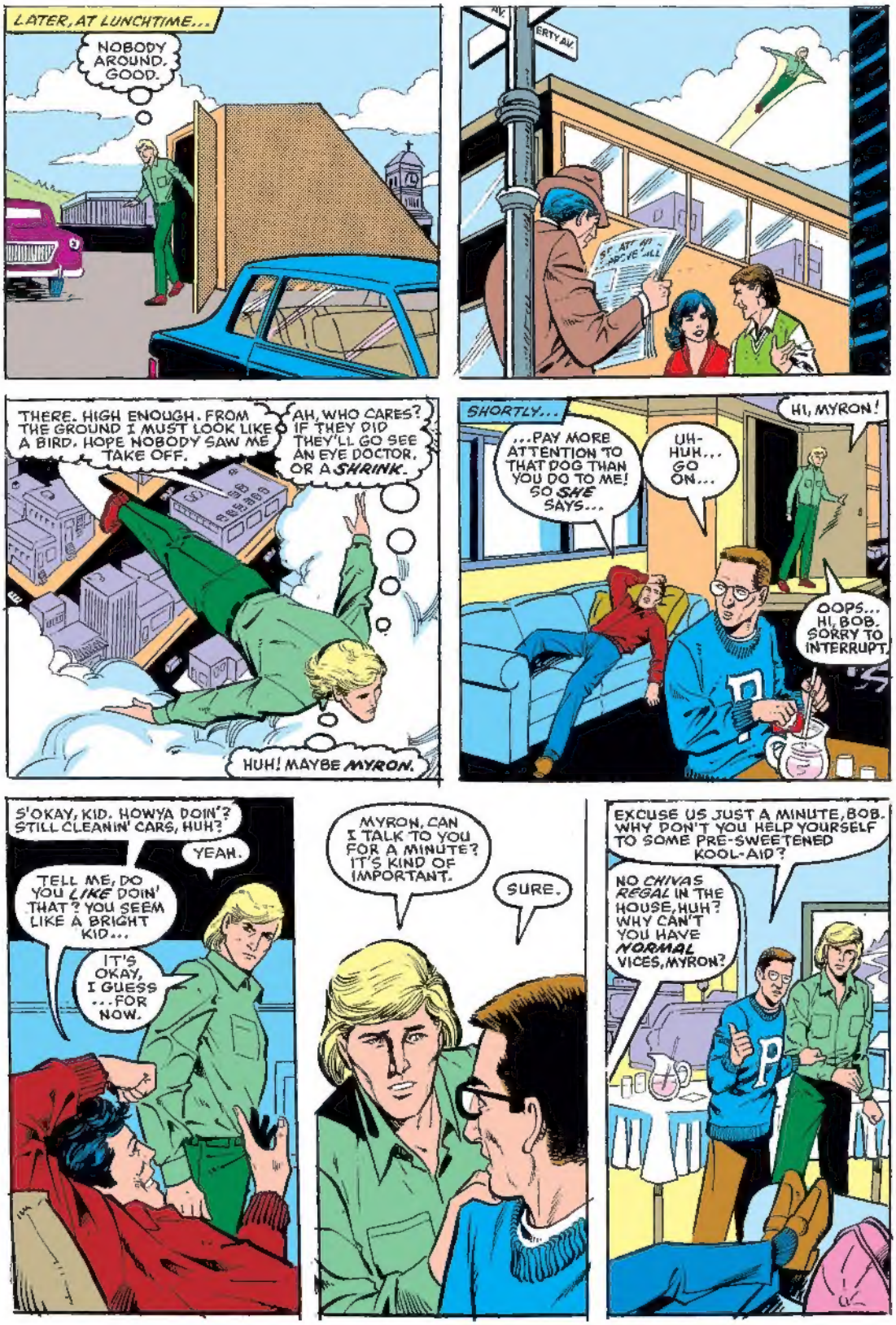
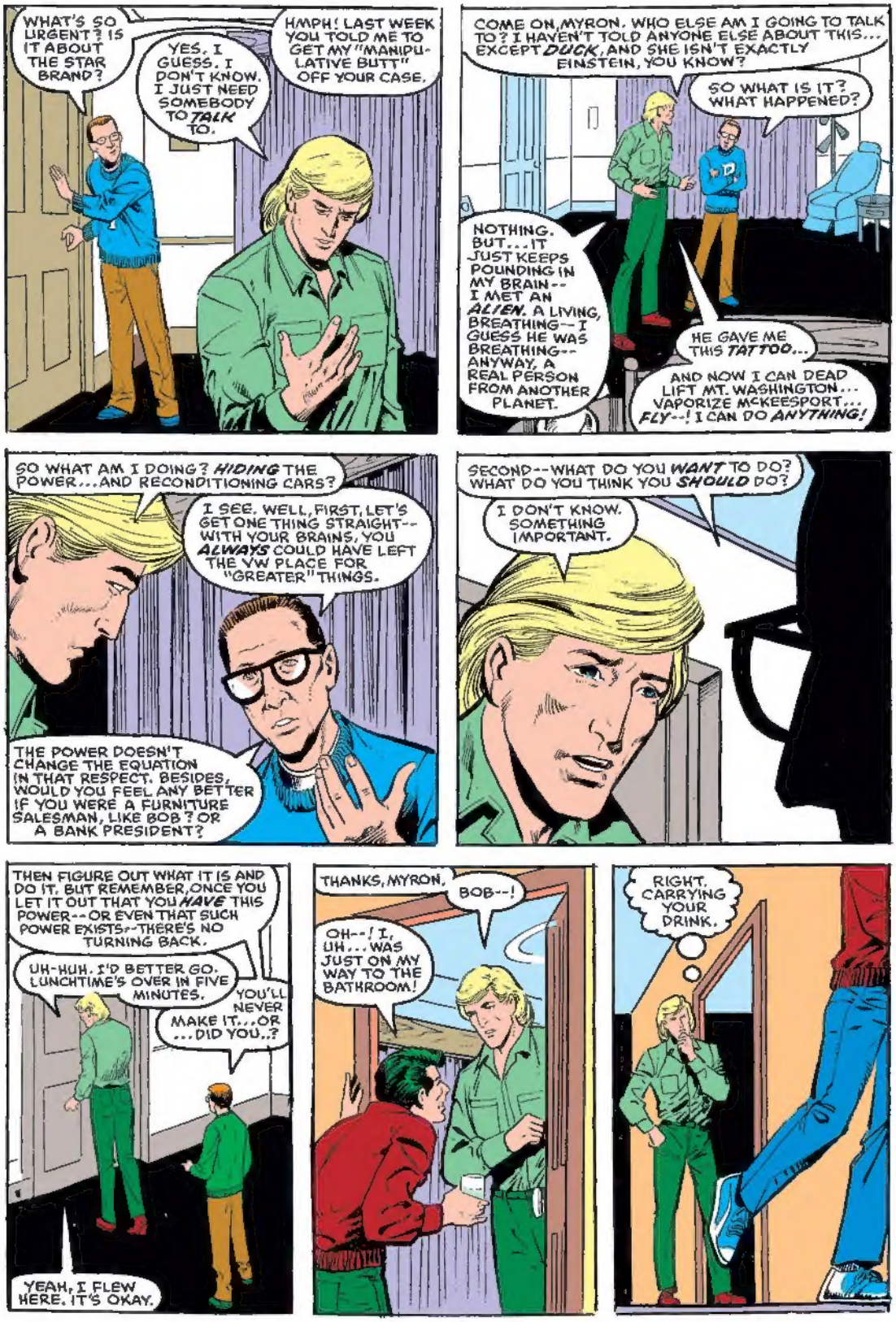


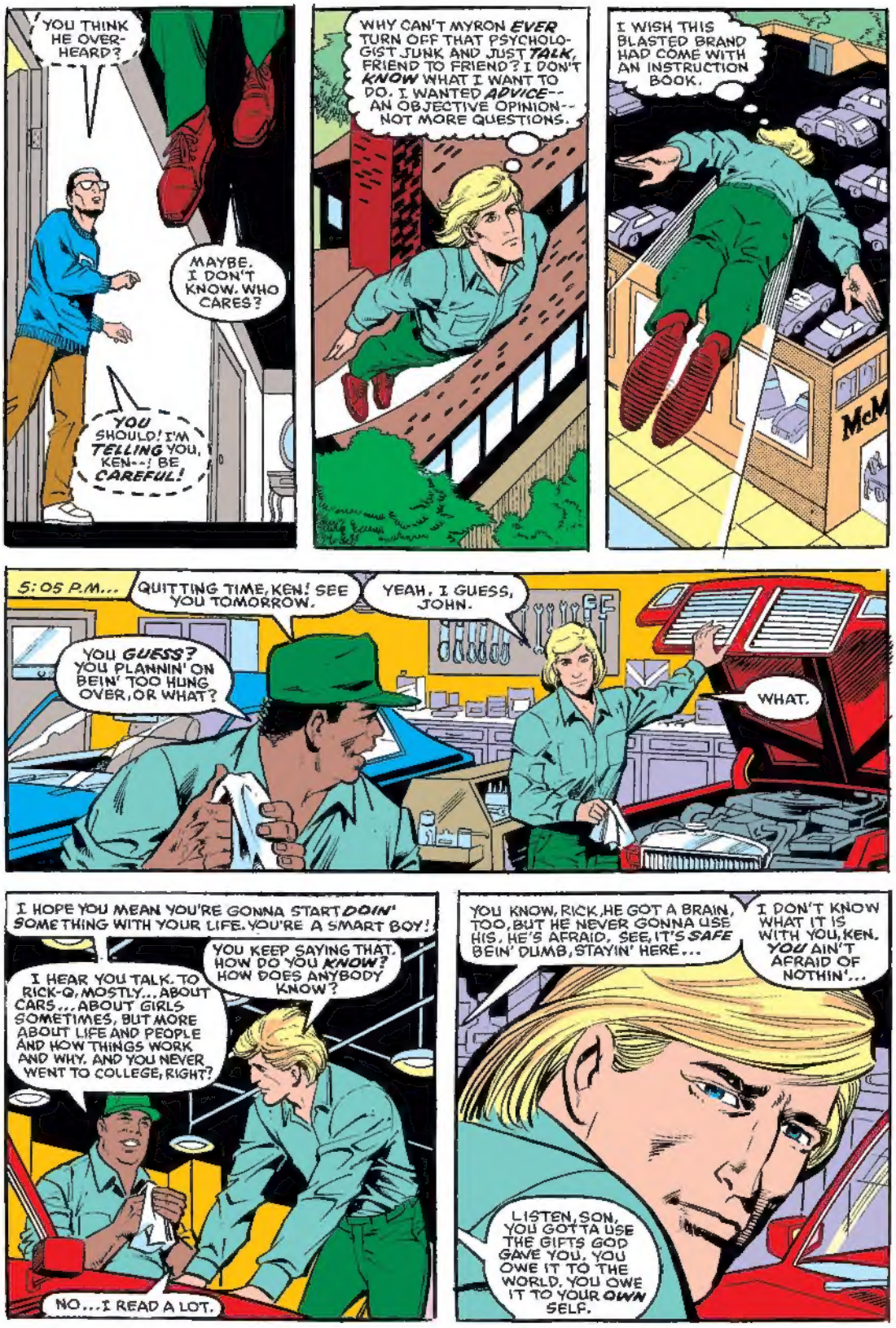



HEY, KEN! HOW COME YOU'RE SO WEIRD LATELY? YOU DOIN' CRACK OR SOMETHIN'?
YEAH, WHY'D YOU GET THAT TATTOO ON YOUR HAND?
TATTOO..? UH...
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, JOAN--! BECAUSE HE'S ON THE GARBAGE EXPRESS HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR THE GUTTER.

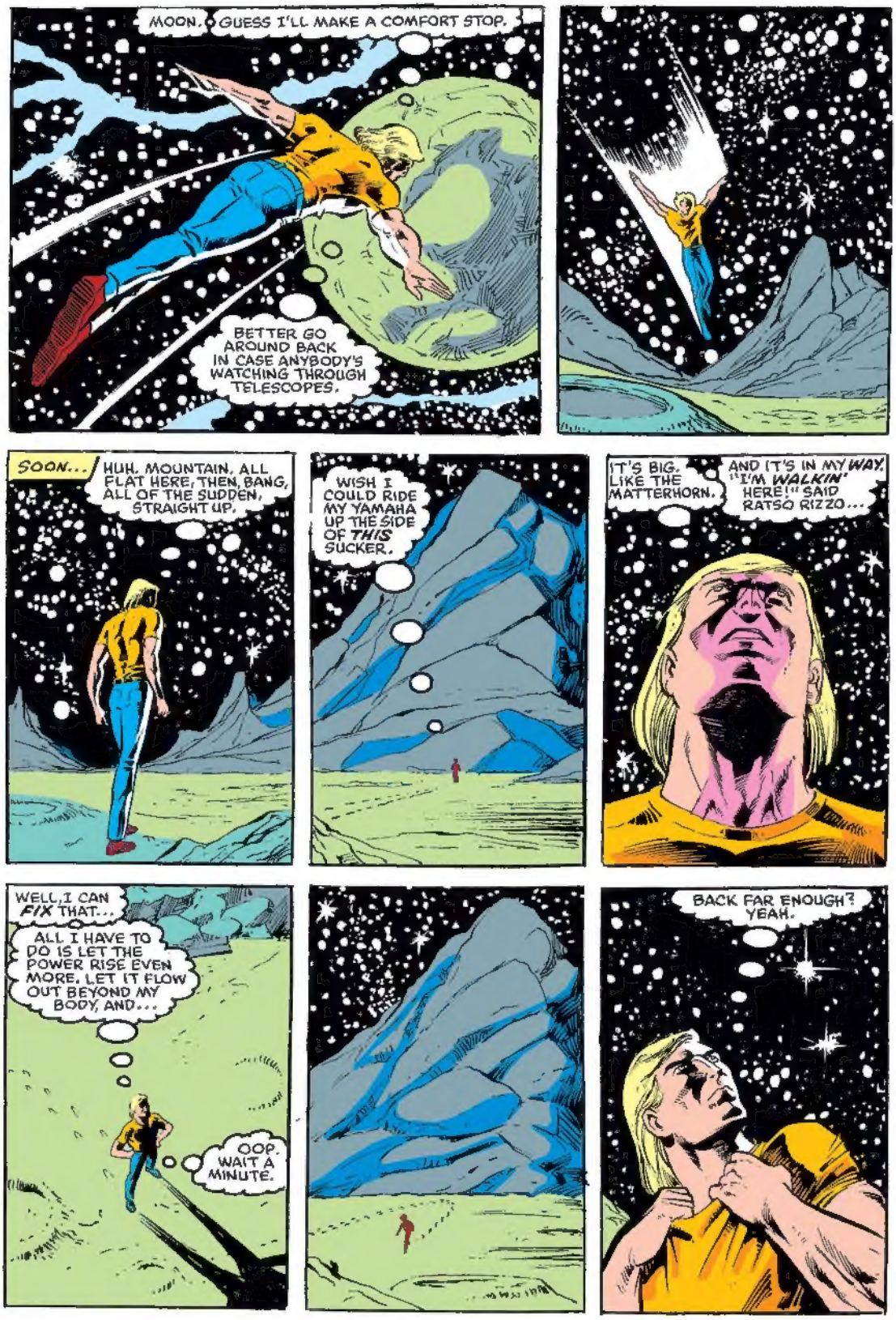
PROBABLY OUT PARTYING ALL THE TIME--THAT'S WHY HE BEEN MISSING WORK! NOW IT'S TATTOOS...HE'S GOING TO END UP A WINO. THE SHAME OF IT IS, HE'S A SMART BOY, NOT LIKE RICK...
HAH!
WHAT YOU PREACHIN' FOR, JOHN EBERHARDT?

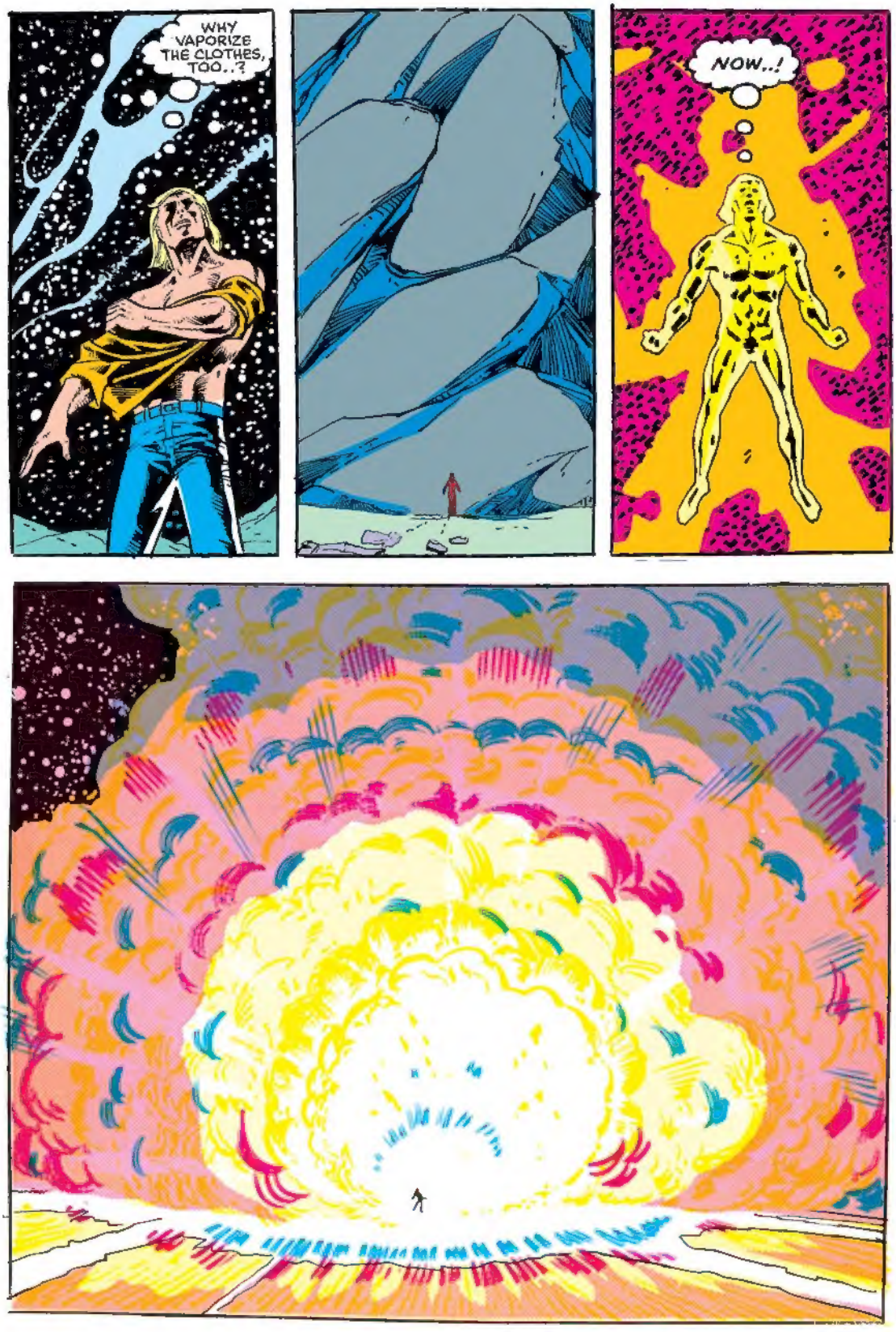

LATER, AT LUNCHTIME...
NOBODY AROUND. GOOD.
ERTY AV.
THERE. HIGH ENOUGH. FROM THE GROUND I MUST LOOK LIKE A BIRD. HOPE NOBODY SAW ME TAKE OFF.
AH, WHO CARES? IF THEY DID THEY'LL GO SEE AN EYE DOCTOR, OR A SHRINK.
HUH! MAYBE MYRON.
SHORTLY...
...PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THAT DOG THAN YOU DO TO ME! SO SHE SAYS...
UH-HUH... GO ON...
HI, MYRON!
OOPS... HI, BOB. SORRY TO INTERRUPT.
S'OKAY, KID. HOWYA DOIN'? STILL CLEANIN' CARS, HUH?
YEAH.
TELL ME, DO YOU LIKE DOIN' THAT? YOU SEEM LIKE A BRIGHT KID...
IT'S OKAY, I GUESS ...FOR NOW.
MYRON, CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE? IT'S KIND OF IMPORTANT.
SURE.
EXCUSE US JUST A MINUTE, BOB. WHY DON'T YOU HELP YOURSELF TO SOME PRE-SWEETENED KOOL-AID?
NO CHIVAS REGAL IN THE HOUSE, HUH? WHY CAN'T YOU HAVE NORMAL VICES, MYRON?

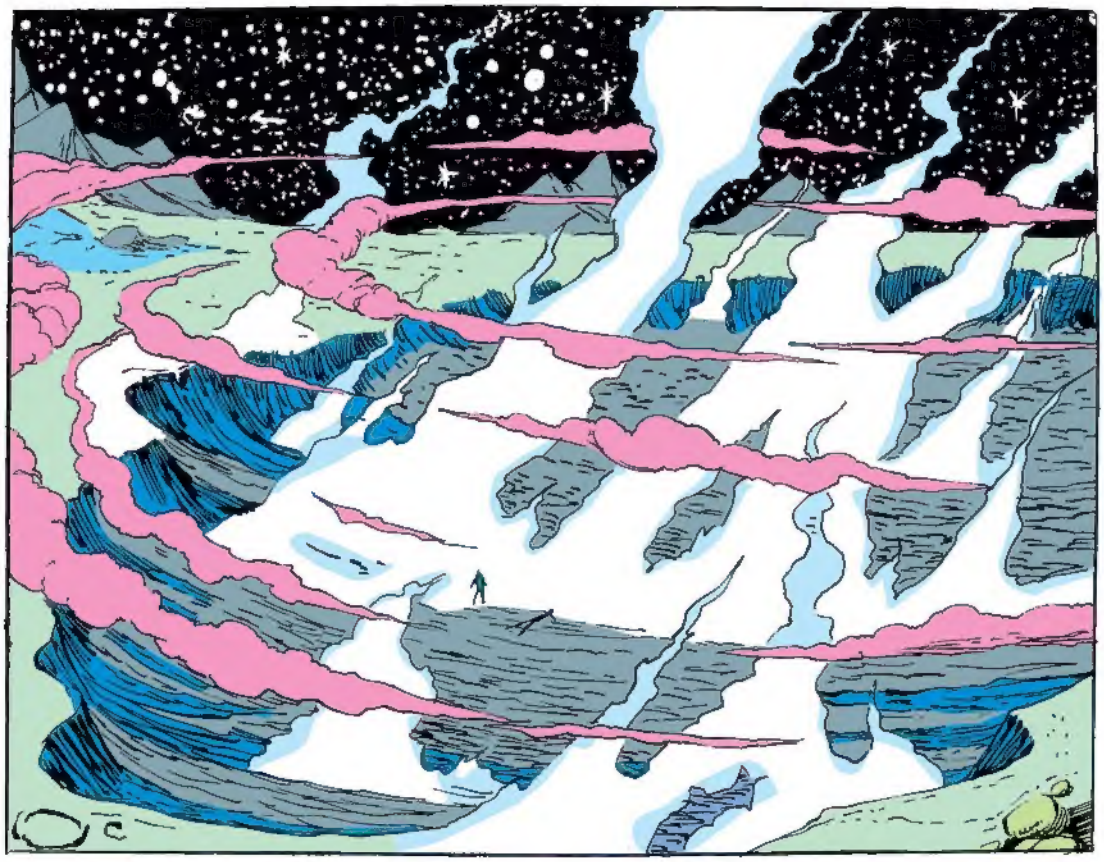

WHAT'S SO URGENT? IS IT ABOUT THE STAR BRAND?
YES. I GUESS. I DON'T KNOW. I JUST NEED SOMEBODY TO *TALK* TO.
HMPH! LAST WEEK YOU TOLD ME TO GET MY "MANIPULATIVE BUTT" OFF YOUR CASE.
COME ON, MYRON. WHO ELSE AM I GOING TO TALK TO? I HAVEN'T TOLD ANYONE ELSE ABOUT THIS... EXCEPT *DUCK*, AND SHE ISN'T EXACTLY EINSTEIN, YOU KNOW?
SO WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING. BUT... IT JUST KEEPS POUNDING IN MY BRAIN-- I MET AN *ALIEN*. A LIVING, BREATHING-- I GUESS HE WAS BREATHING-- ANYWAY, A REAL PERSON FROM ANOTHER PLANET.
HE GAVE ME THIS *TATTOO*...
AND NOW I CAN DEAD LIFT MT. WASHINGTON... VAPORIZE MCKEESPORT... *FLY*--! I CAN DO *ANYTHING!*
SO WHAT AM I DOING? *HIDING* THE POWER... AND RECONDITIONING CARS?
I SEE. WELL, FIRST, LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT-- WITH YOUR BRAINS, YOU *ALWAYS* COULD HAVE LEFT THE VW PLACE FOR "GREATER" THINGS.
THE POWER DOESN'T CHANGE THE EQUATION IN THAT RESPECT. BESIDES, WOULD YOU FEEL ANY BETTER IF YOU WERE A FURNITURE SALESMAN, LIKE BOB? OR A BANK PRESIDENT?
SECOND-- WHAT DO YOU *WANT* TO DO? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU *SHOULD* DO?
I DON'T KNOW. SOMETHING IMPORTANT.
THEN FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS AND DO IT. BUT REMEMBER, ONCE YOU LET IT OUT THAT YOU *HAVE* THIS POWER-- OR EVEN THAT SUCH POWER EXISTS-- THERE'S NO TURNING BACK.
UH-HUH. I'D BETTER GO. LUNCHTIME'S OVER IN FIVE MINUTES.
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT... OR ...DID YOU..?
YEAH, I FLEW HERE. IT'S OKAY.
THANKS, MYRON.
BOB--!
OH--! I, UH... WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO THE BATHROOM!
RIGHT. CARRYING YOUR DRINK.


YOU THINK HE OVER-HEARD?
MAYBE. I DON'T KNOW. WHO CARES?
YOU SHOULD! I'M TELLING YOU, KEN--! BE CAREFUL!
WHY CAN'T MYRON EVER TURN OFF THAT PSYCHOLOGIST JUNK AND JUST TALK, FRIEND TO FRIEND? I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT TO DO. I WANTED ADVICE-- AN OBJECTIVE OPINION-- NOT MORE QUESTIONS.
I WISH THIS BLASTED BRAND HAD COME WITH AN INSTRUCTION BOOK.
5:05 P.M...
QUITTING TIME, KEN! SEE YOU TOMORROW.
YEAH, I GUESS, JOHN.
YOU GUESS? YOU PLANNIN' ON BEIN' TOO HUNG OVER, OR WHAT?
WHAT.
I HOPE YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA START DOIN' SOMETHING WITH YOUR LIFE. YOU'RE A SMART BOY!
YOU KEEP SAYING THAT. HOW DO YOU KNOW? HOW DOES ANYBODY KNOW?
I HEAR YOU TALK. TO RICK-O, MOSTLY... ABOUT CARS... ABOUT GIRLS SOMETIMES, BUT MORE ABOUT LIFE AND PEOPLE AND HOW THINGS WORK AND WHY. AND YOU NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE, RIGHT?
NO... I READ A LOT.
YOU KNOW, RICK, HE GOT A BRAIN, TOO, BUT HE NEVER GONNA USE HIS, HE'S AFRAID, SEE, IT'S SAFE BEIN' DUMB, STAYIN' HERE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS WITH YOU, KEN. YOU AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN'...
LISTEN, SON, YOU GOTTA USE THE GIFTS GOD GAVE YOU. YOU OWE IT TO THE WORLD. YOU OWE IT TO YOUR OWN SELF.

LATER...
KRNNKK!
SKRRK!
CAREFUL. HMF. OKAY, SO I'LL GO INTO THE WOODS...
TAKE OFF THERE.
OKAY, MYRON?
HUH. USED TO TAKE A RIDE IN THE 'VETTE WHEN I WANTED TO THINK...


MOON. GUESS I'LL MAKE A COMFORT STOP.
BETTER GO AROUND BACK IN CASE ANYBODY'S WATCHING THROUGH TELESCOPES.
SOON...
HUH. MOUNTAIN. ALL FLAT HERE, THEN, BANG, ALL OF THE SUDDEN, STRAIGHT UP.
WISH I COULD RIDE MY YAMAHA UP THE SIDE OF THIS SUCKER.
IT'S BIG, LIKE THE MATTERHORN.
AND IT'S IN MY WAY. "I'M WALKIN' HERE!" SAID RATSO RIZZO...
WELL, I CAN FIX THAT...
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LET THE POWER RISE EVEN MORE. LET IT FLOW OUT BEYOND MY BODY, AND...
OOP. WAIT A MINUTE.
BACK FAR ENOUGH? YEAH.


WHY VAPORIZE THE CLOTHES, TOO..?
NOW..!



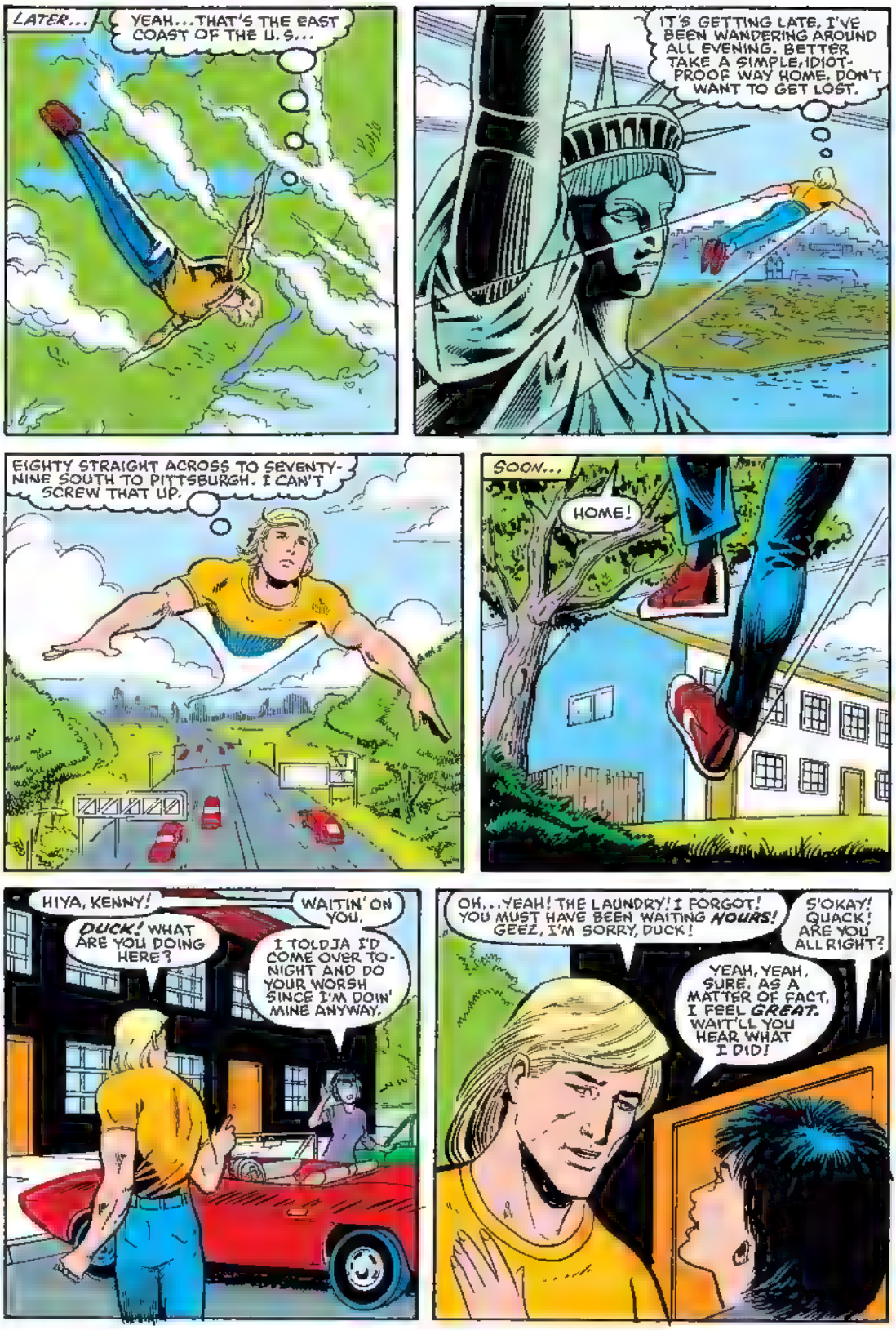
WELL, IT'S NOT IN MY WAY ANYMORE.
YOU'RE WRONG, JOHN EBERHARDT, I AM AFRAID, BUT ONLY OF MYSELF. OF WHAT I AM..
...AND WHAT I'M NOT.

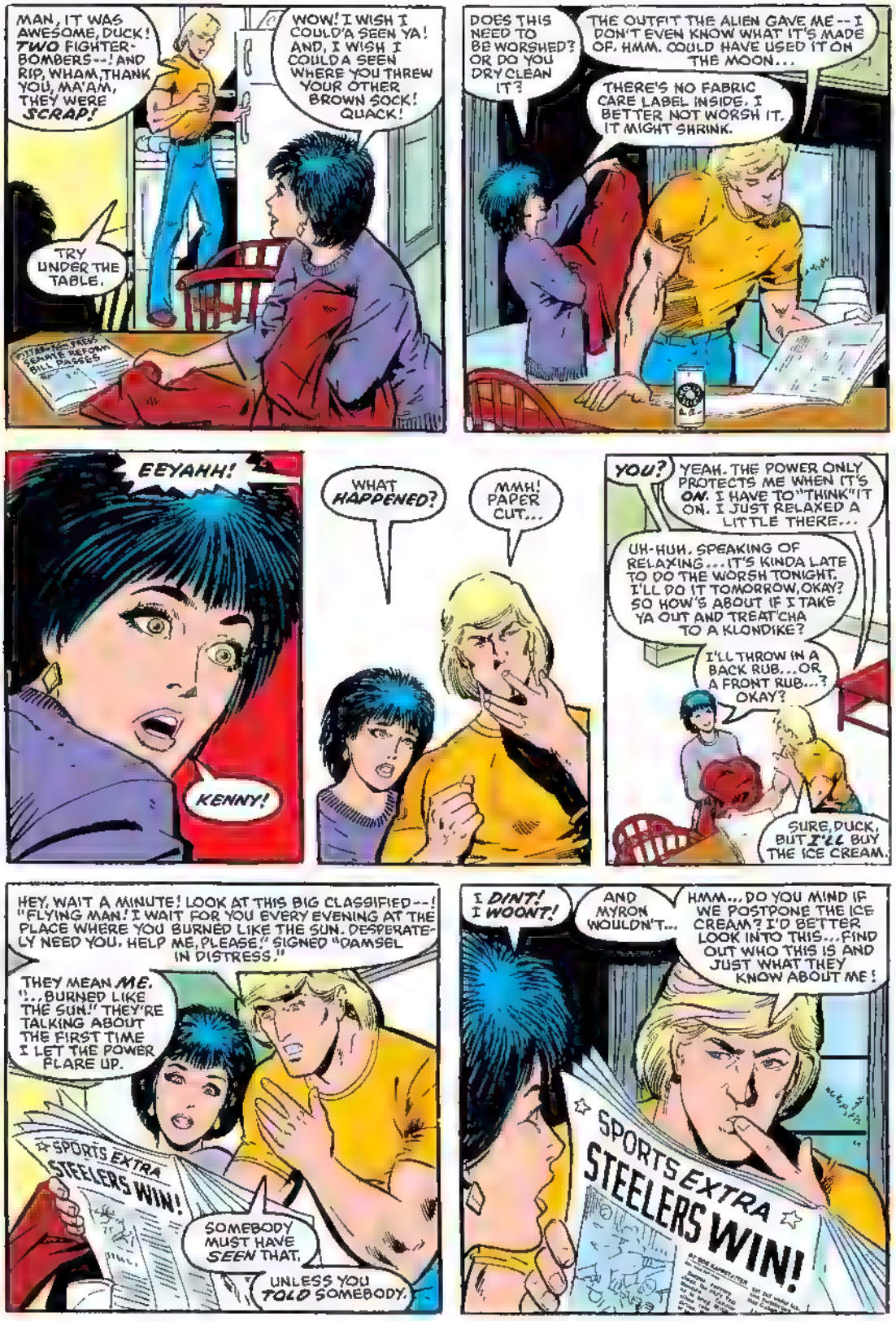
DON'T FEEL LIKE WALKING HERE ANYMORE.

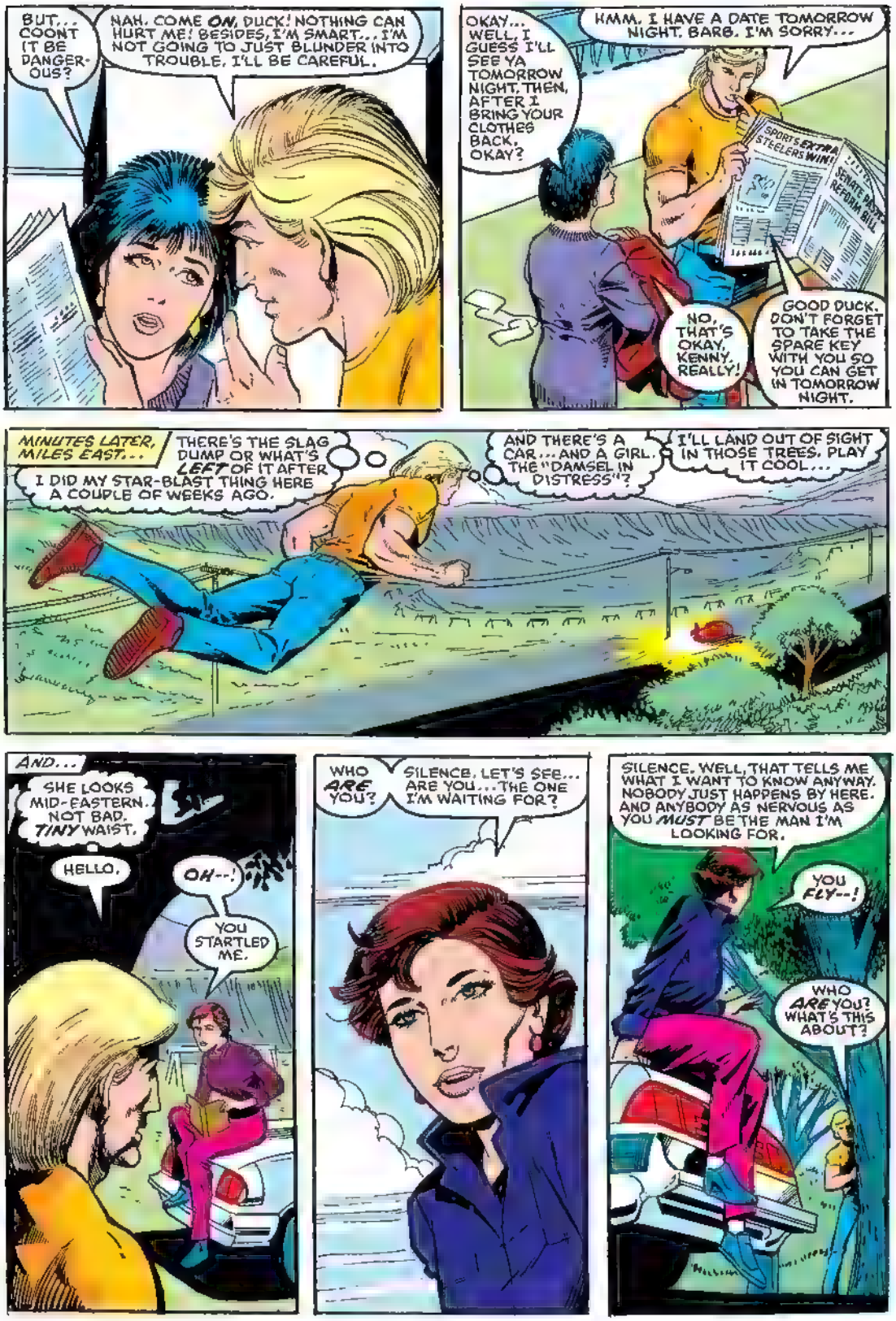
NOW WHERE?

NOT HOME, YET. OUT. AWAY.
SOON...
I WONDER HOW FAR OUT I AM. I CAN HARDLY SEE THE EARTH.
MAYBE I SHOULD JUST...KEEP GOING.
IT'S SAFE STAYING HERE... SAFE FOR THE WORLD. SAFE FOR ME. I THINK I'M LESS AFRAID OF DYING OUT HERE THAN I AM OF LIVING BACK THERE WITH THIS POWER.
YEAH...IT'S SAFE STAYING HERE...
BUT DUMB.
BIG JOHN WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. I'VE GOT TO USE THIS GIFT.
HOW? I DON'T KNOW. BUT I'LL FIGURE IT OUT...EVENTUALLY.
IN THE MEANTIME... THINGS COULD BE WORSE.
BETTER SLOW DOWN. DON'T WANT TO BURN OFF THE CLOTHES IN RE-ENTRY.
AIR! FEELS GOOD TO BREATHE AGAIN, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE TO. I NEVER REALIZED... AIR TASTES GOOD. HOW ABOUT THAT!
AND FLYING IS GOOD, GOOD--? IT'S FANTASTIC!
THIS IS USING THE POWER, FOR MYSELF...BECAUSE IT FEELS GOOD, AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? LIKE JOHN SAYS, I OWE IT TO "MY OWN SELF!"
WONDER WHERE I AM. ASIA, SOMEPLACE.
BEAUTIFUL. HERE. STARK. RUGGED.
HMM. JETS.
FIGHTERS? FIGHTER-BOMBERS. WHOSE? WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING.
MAYBE I'LL TAG ALONG AWHILE.

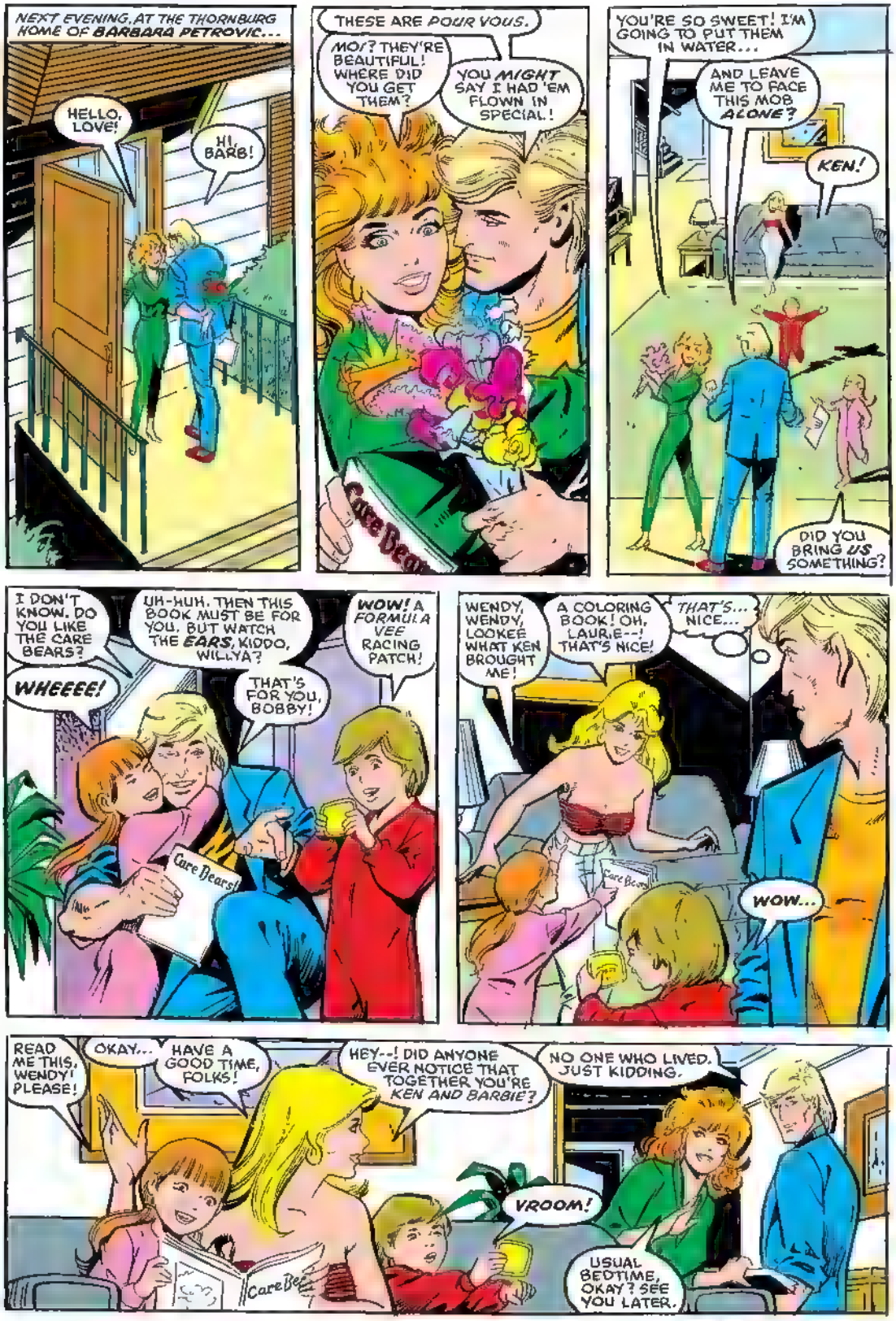
GOOD HEAVENS!
THOSE ARE RUSSIAN PLANES--! THIS MUST BE AFGHANISTAN!
THOSE AFGHAN GROUND TROOPS DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
EXCEPT... ME.
BOTH PILOTS OKAY. GOOD.
I HIT 'EM SO FAST THEY PROBABLY FIGURE THEY GOT CLOBBERED BY MISSILES FROM THE GROUND.
HA! EVEN IF THEY SAW ME, THEY'D PROBABLY SWEAR IT WAS MISSILES.

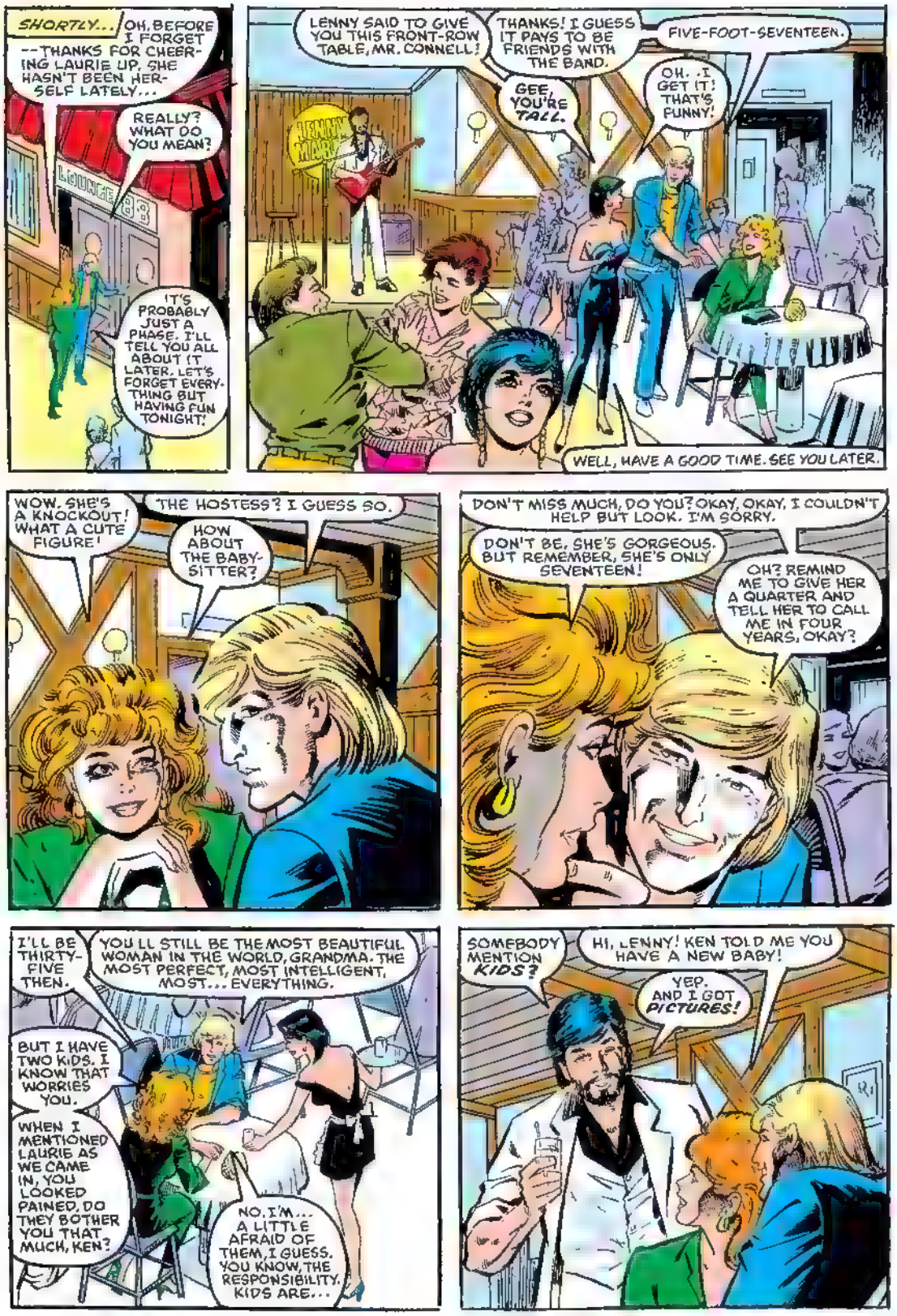

LATER...
YEAH...THAT'S THE EAST COAST OF THE U.S...
IT'S GETTING LATE, I'VE BEEN WANDERING AROUND ALL EVENING. BETTER TAKE A SIMPLE, IDIOT-PROOF WAY HOME. DON'T WANT TO GET LOST.
EIGHTY STRAIGHT ACROSS TO SEVENTY-NINE SOUTH TO PITTSBURGH. I CAN'T SCREW THAT UP.
SOON...
HOME!
HIYA, KENNY!
WAITIN' ON YOU.
DUCK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I TOLDJA I'D COME OVER TONIGHT AND DO YOUR WORSH SINCE I'M DOIN' MINE ANYWAY.
OH...YEAH! THE LAUNDRY! I FORGOT! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WAITING HOURS! GEEZ, I'M SORRY, DUCK!
S'OKAY! QUACK! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH, YEAH. SURE. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I FEEL GREAT. WAIT'LL YOU HEAR WHAT I DID!

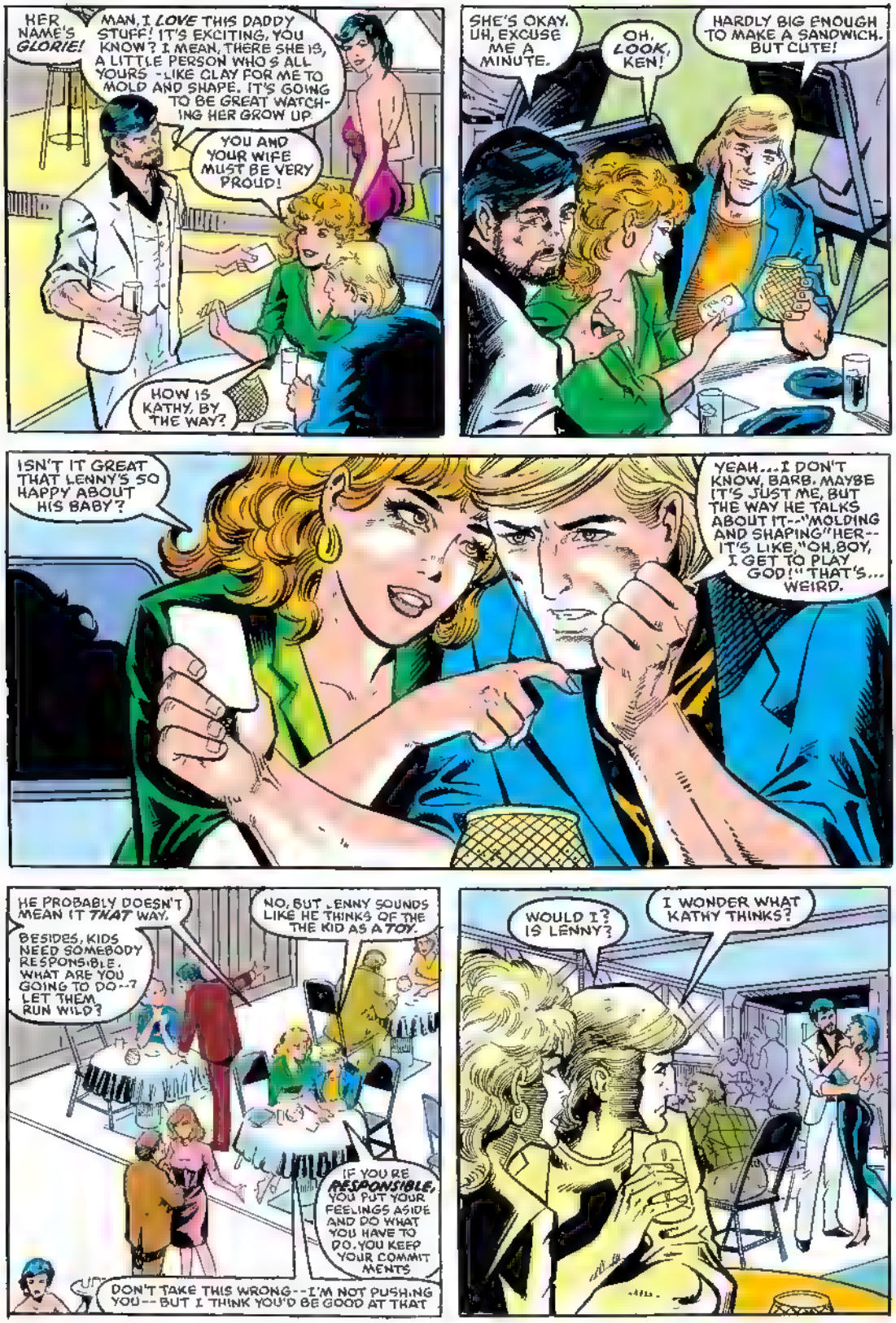

MAN, IT WAS AWESOME, DUCK! TWO FIGHTER-BOMBERS--! AND RIP, WHAM, THANK YOU, MA'AM, THEY WERE SCRAP!
WOW! I WISH I COULD'A SEEN YA! AND, I WISH I COULD A SEEN WHERE YOU THREW YOUR OTHER BROWN SOCK! QUACK!
TRY UNDER THE TABLE.
PITTSBURGH PRESS SENATE REFORM BILL PASSES
DOES THIS NEED TO BE WORSHED? OR DO YOU DRY CLEAN IT?
THE OUTFIT THE ALIEN GAVE ME -- I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT'S MADE OF. HMM. COULD HAVE USED IT ON THE MOON...
THERE'S NO FABRIC CARE LABEL INSIDE. I BETTER NOT WORSH IT. IT MIGHT SHRINK.
EEYAHH!
KENNY!
WHAT HAPPENED?
MMH! PAPER CUT...
YOU?
YEAH. THE POWER ONLY PROTECTS ME WHEN IT'S ON. I HAVE TO "THINK" IT ON. I JUST RELAXED A LITTLE THERE...
UH-HUH. SPEAKING OF RELAXING... IT'S KINDA LATE TO DO THE WORSH TONIGHT. I'LL DO IT TOMORROW, OKAY? SO HOW'S ABOUT IF I TAKE YA OUT AND TREAT'CHA TO A KLONDIKE?
I'LL THROW IN A BACK RUB...OR A FRONT RUB...? OKAY?
SURE, DUCK, BUT I'LL BUY THE ICE CREAM.
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK AT THIS BIG CLASSIFIED--! "FLYING MAN! I WAIT FOR YOU EVERY EVENING AT THE PLACE WHERE YOU BURNED LIKE THE SUN. DESPERATELY NEED YOU. HELP ME, PLEASE." SIGNED "DAMSEL IN DISTRESS."
THEY MEAN ME. "...BURNED LIKE THE SUN." THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE FIRST TIME I LET THE POWER FLARE UP.
SPORTS EXTRA STEELERS WIN!
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SEEN THAT.
UNLESS YOU TOLD SOMEBODY.
I DINT! I WOONT!
AND MYRON WOULDN'T...
HMM... DO YOU MIND IF WE POSTPONE THE ICE CREAM? I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS... FIND OUT WHO THIS IS AND JUST WHAT THEY KNOW ABOUT ME!
SPORTS EXTRA STEELERS WIN!

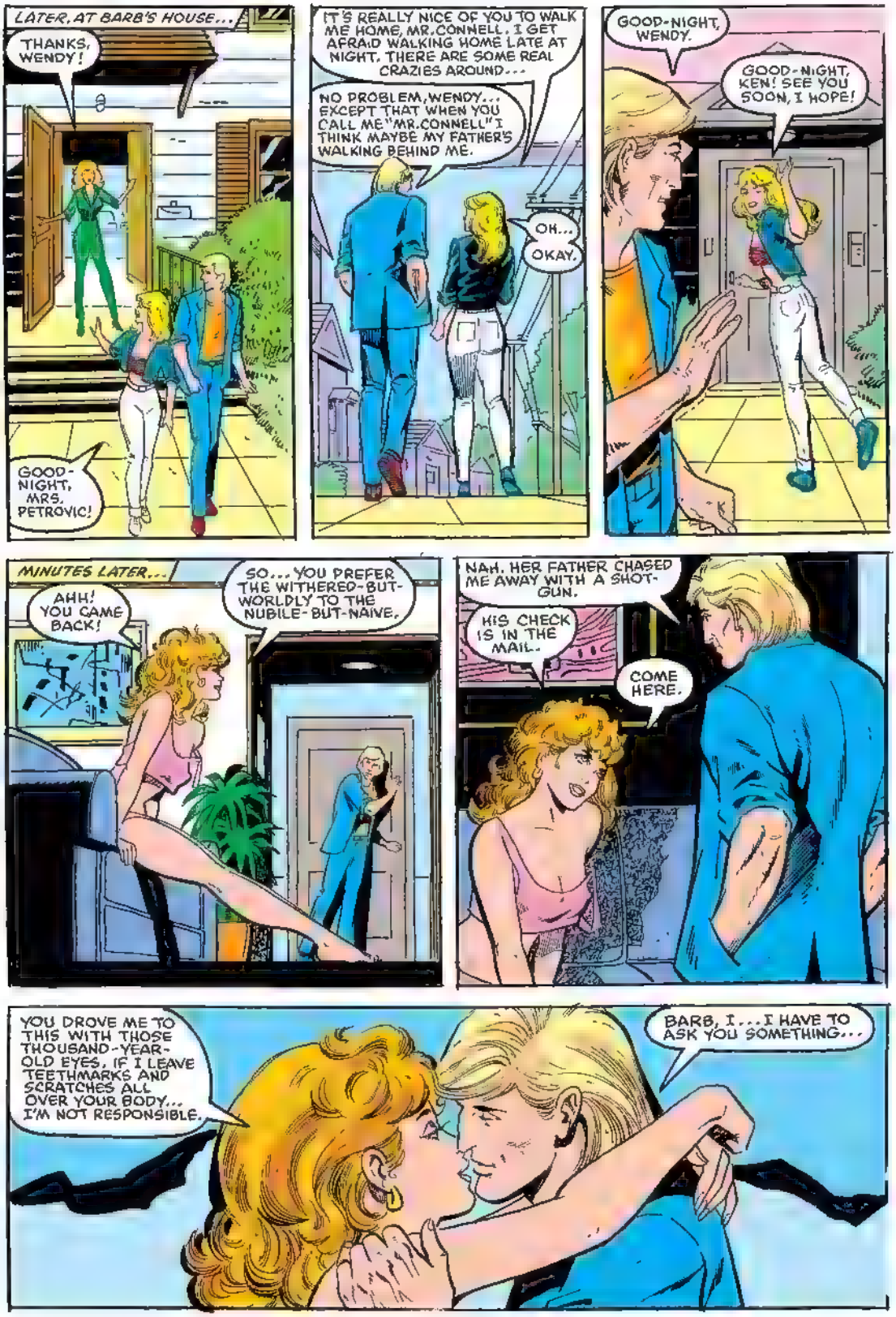

BUT... COONT IT BE DANGER-OUS?
NAH. COME ON, DUCK! NOTHING CAN HURT ME! BESIDES, I'M SMART... I'M NOT GOING TO JUST BLUNDER INTO TROUBLE. I'LL BE CAREFUL.
OKAY... WELL, I GUESS I'LL SEE YA TOMORROW NIGHT. THEN, AFTER I BRING YOUR CLOTHES BACK, OKAY?
HMM. I HAVE A DATE TOMORROW NIGHT, BARB. I'M SORRY...
SPORTS EXTRA STEELERS WIN!
SENATE PASSES REFORM BILL
NO, THAT'S OKAY, KENNY, REALLY!
GOOD DUCK. DON'T FORGET TO TAKE THE SPARE KEY WITH YOU SO YOU CAN GET IN TOMORROW NIGHT.
MINUTES LATER, MILES EAST...
I DID MY STAR-BLAST THING HERE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO.
THERE'S THE SLAG DUMP OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT AFTER
AND THERE'S A CAR... AND A GIRL. THE "DAMSEL IN DISTRESS"?
I'LL LAND OUT OF SIGHT IN THOSE TREES. PLAY IT COOL...
AND...
SHE LOOKS MID-EASTERN. NOT BAD. TINY WAIST.
HELLO.
OH--!
YOU STARTLED ME.
WHO ARE YOU?
SILENCE. LET'S SEE... ARE YOU... THE ONE I'M WAITING FOR?
SILENCE. WELL, THAT TELLS ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW ANYWAY. NOBODY JUST HAPPENS BY HERE. AND ANYBODY AS NERVOUS AS YOU MUST BE THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR.
YOU FLY--!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

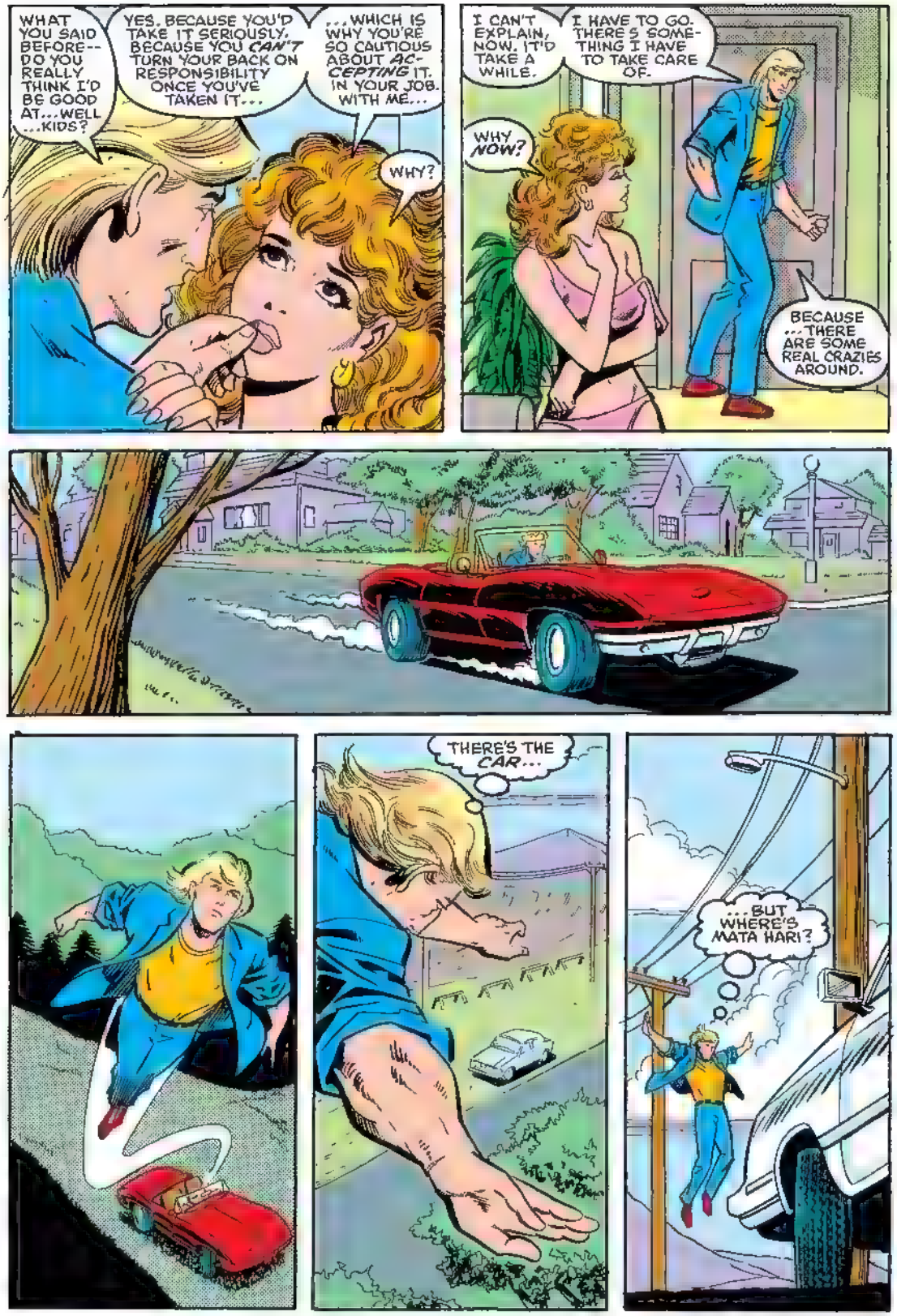
ME? I'M A STUDENT. AT PITT. I'M JUST, UM... INTERESTED IN FLYING, YOU KNOW? I'M WRITING A THESIS...?
ALL RIGHT, THE TRUTH. MY BOYFRIEND PUT ME UP TO THIS.
YOU SEE, THE C.I.A. INVESTIGATED THE SLAG DUMP BLAST. THEY TURNED UP NOTHING MUCH-- EXCEPT ONE LESS-THAN-RELIABLE WITNESS WHO CLAIMED THAT A FLYING MAN BLEW UP THE DUMP.
A TRAITOR IN THE C.I.A. SOLD THAT REPORT TO, UH... AN ENEMY GOVERNMENT, HEADED BY SOMEONE CRAZY ENOUGH TO BELIEVE ...IN YOU!
SINCE THEN, HIS "AGENTS"-- MOSTLY STUDENTS LIKE MY BOYFRIEND--HAVE BEEN STAKED OUT AROUND HERE WATCHING. SURE ENOUGH, SEVERAL TIMES THEY CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF OF A FLYING MAN.
WHOOPS! NO MORE FLYING TO MYRON'S.
SO, THEY HATCHED THIS BIG PLAN TO MAKE CONTACT. I'VE BEEN SITTING OUT HERE FOR A WEEK, TRYING TO READ, GETTING EYE-STRAIN. AM I GLAD YOU SHOWED UP!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WELL... WHATEVER IT IS. HOW DO YOU DO WHAT YOU DO?
SILENCE, AGAIN. OF COURSE. I MAKE A LOUSY SPY. WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU TELL ME ANYTHING FOR NOTHING?
I'M SORRY I'M SO BAD AT THIS. I DO HAVE SOMETHING TO OFFER YOU IN RETURN.
I HAVE MONEY! ALMOST TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! IT'S IN THE TRUNK. OH..!
OH, NO, I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID WHERE--! I'M MESSING THIS UP! I'M SO NERVOUS!
MAYBE YOU WANT DRUGS, TOO--! I CAN GET YOU ANYTHING!
OR... ME. THAT IS... I MEAN... IF YOU WANT ...I'LL DO... WHATEVER.
NO THANKS, MATA HARI.
LOOK, THIS ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK. IT'S NOTHING. JUST A TRICK. A GIMMICK. FORGET IT.
IF IT'S NOTHING, THEN TELL ME! SHOW ME!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. MY BOYFRIEND AND THE OTHERS ARE WATCHING FROM A DISTANCE. THEY KNOW I'VE BEEN TALKING TO YOU. IF I DON'T GET WHAT THEY WANT FROM YOU THEY'LL BE ANGRY! THEY'LL HURT ME-- OR WORSE! PLEASE!
SORRY!
I'LL TELL THEM YOU SAID YOU'LL COME BACK TOMORROW NIGHT! ALL RIGHT? PLEASE COME BACK! TOMORROW NIGHT, OKAY? IF YOU DON'T THEY'LL KILL ME!
IF ONLY YOU HADN'T COME AT ALL--!

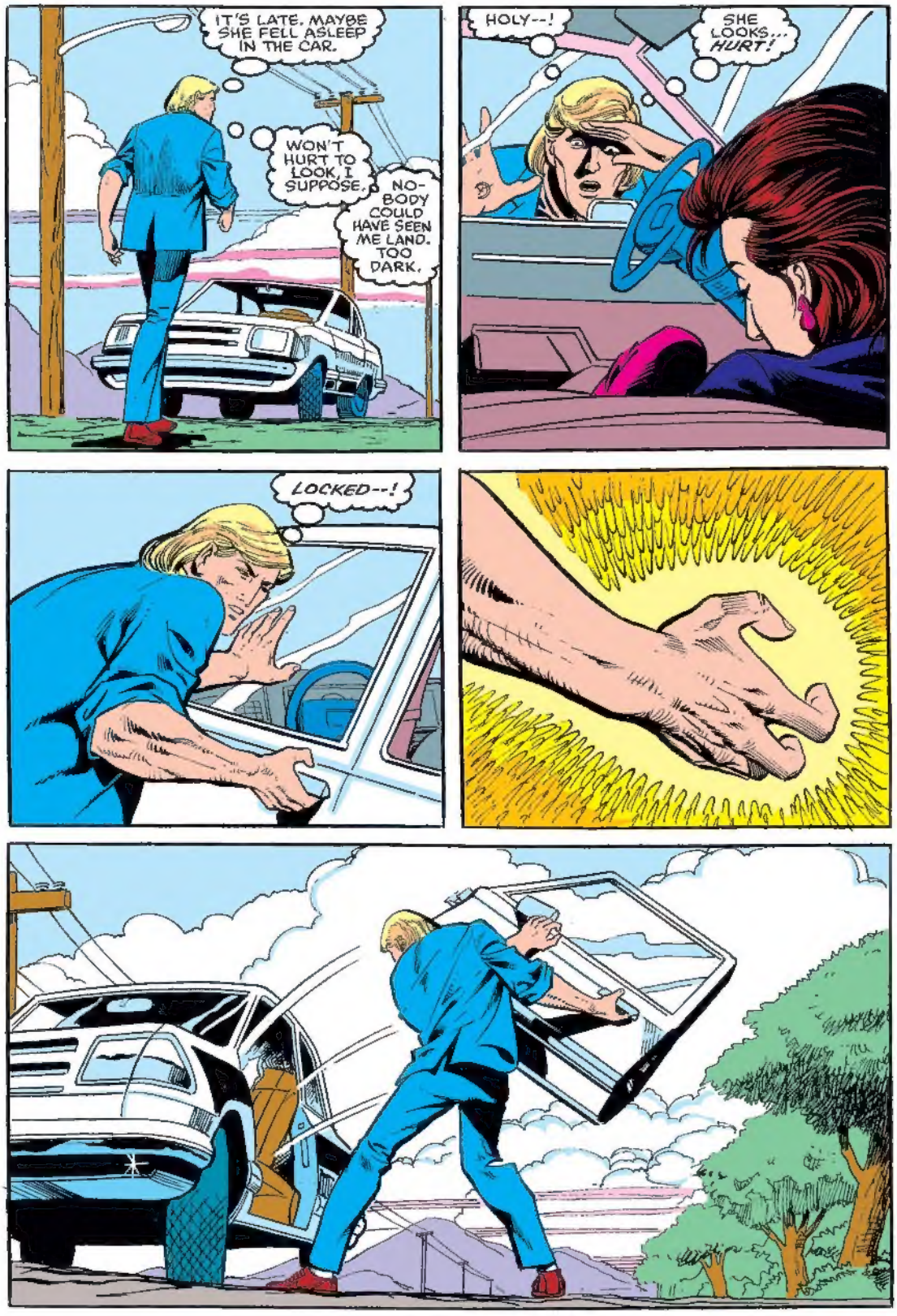

NEXT EVENING, AT THE THORNBURG HOME OF BARBARA PETROVIC...
HELLO, LOVE!
HI, BARB!
THESE ARE POUR VOUS.
MOI? THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?
YOU MIGHT SAY I HAD 'EM FLOWN IN SPECIAL!
Care Bears
YOU'RE SO SWEET! I'M GOING TO PUT THEM IN WATER...
AND LEAVE ME TO FACE THIS MOB ALONE?
KEN!
DID YOU BRING US SOMETHING?
I DON'T KNOW. DO YOU LIKE THE CARE BEARS?
WHEEEE!
UH-HUH. THEN THIS BOOK MUST BE FOR YOU. BUT WATCH THE EARS, KIDDO, WILLYA?
THAT'S FOR YOU, BOBBY!
WOW! A FORMULA VEE RACING PATCH!
Care Bears
WENDY, WENDY, LOOKEE WHAT KEN BROUGHT ME!
A COLORING BOOK! OH, LAURIE--! THAT'S NICE!
THAT'S... NICE...
WOW...
READ ME THIS, WENDY! PLEASE!
OKAY...
HAVE A GOOD TIME, FOLKS!
HEY--! DID ANYONE EVER NOTICE THAT TOGETHER YOU'RE KEN AND BARBIE?
NO ONE WHO LIVED. JUST KIDDING.
VROOM!
USUAL BEDTIME, OKAY? SEE YOU LATER.

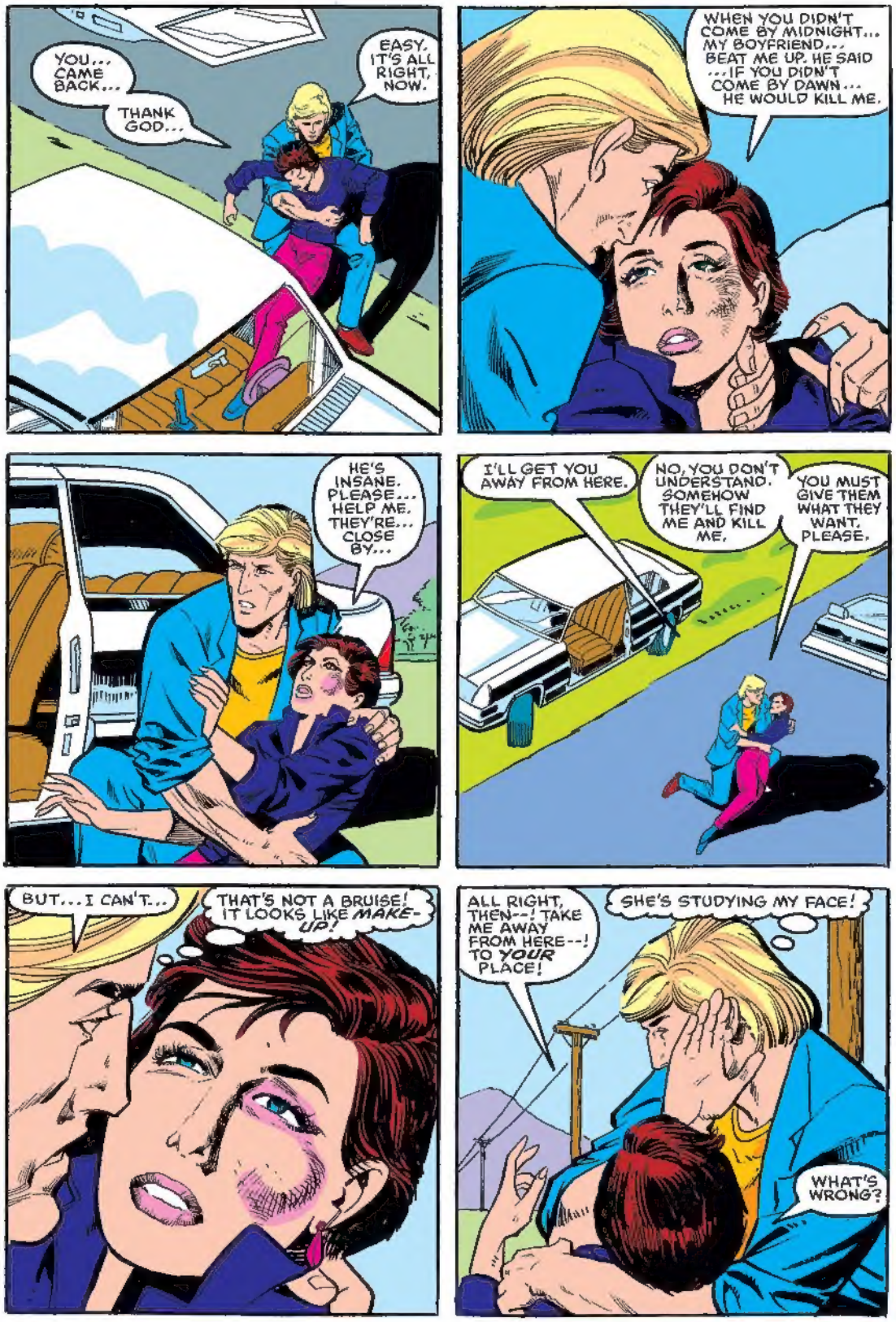

SHORTLY...
OH, BEFORE I FORGET --THANKS FOR CHEERING LAURIE UP. SHE HASN'T BEEN HERSELF LATELY...
REALLY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
IT'S PROBABLY JUST A PHASE. I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT LATER. LET'S FORGET EVERYTHING BUT HAVING FUN TONIGHT!
LENNY SAID TO GIVE YOU THIS FRONT-ROW TABLE, MR. CONNELL!
THANKS! I GUESS IT PAYS TO BE FRIENDS WITH THE BAND.
FIVE-FOOT-SEVENTEEN.
GEE, YOU'RE TALL.
OH. .I GET IT! THAT'S FUNNY!
WELL, HAVE A GOOD TIME. SEE YOU LATER.
WOW. SHE'S A KNOCKOUT! WHAT A CUTE FIGURE!
THE HOSTESS? I GUESS SO.
HOW ABOUT THE BABY-SITTER?
DON'T MISS MUCH, DO YOU? OKAY, OKAY, I COULDN'T HELP BUT LOOK. I'M SORRY.
DON'T BE, SHE'S GORGEOUS. BUT REMEMBER, SHE'S ONLY SEVENTEEN!
OH? REMIND ME TO GIVE HER A QUARTER AND TELL HER TO CALL ME IN FOUR YEARS, OKAY?
I'LL BE THIRTY-FIVE THEN.
YOU'LL STILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD, GRANDMA. THE MOST PERFECT, MOST INTELLIGENT, MOST... EVERYTHING.
BUT I HAVE TWO KIDS. I KNOW THAT WORRIES YOU.
WHEN I MENTIONED LAURIE AS WE CAME IN, YOU LOOKED PAINED. DO THEY BOTHER YOU THAT MUCH, KEN?
NO. I'M... A LITTLE AFRAID OF THEM, I GUESS. YOU KNOW, THE RESPONSIBILITY. KIDS ARE...
SOMEBODY MENTION KIDS?
HI, LENNY! KEN TOLD ME YOU HAVE A NEW BABY!
YEP. AND I GOT PICTURES!

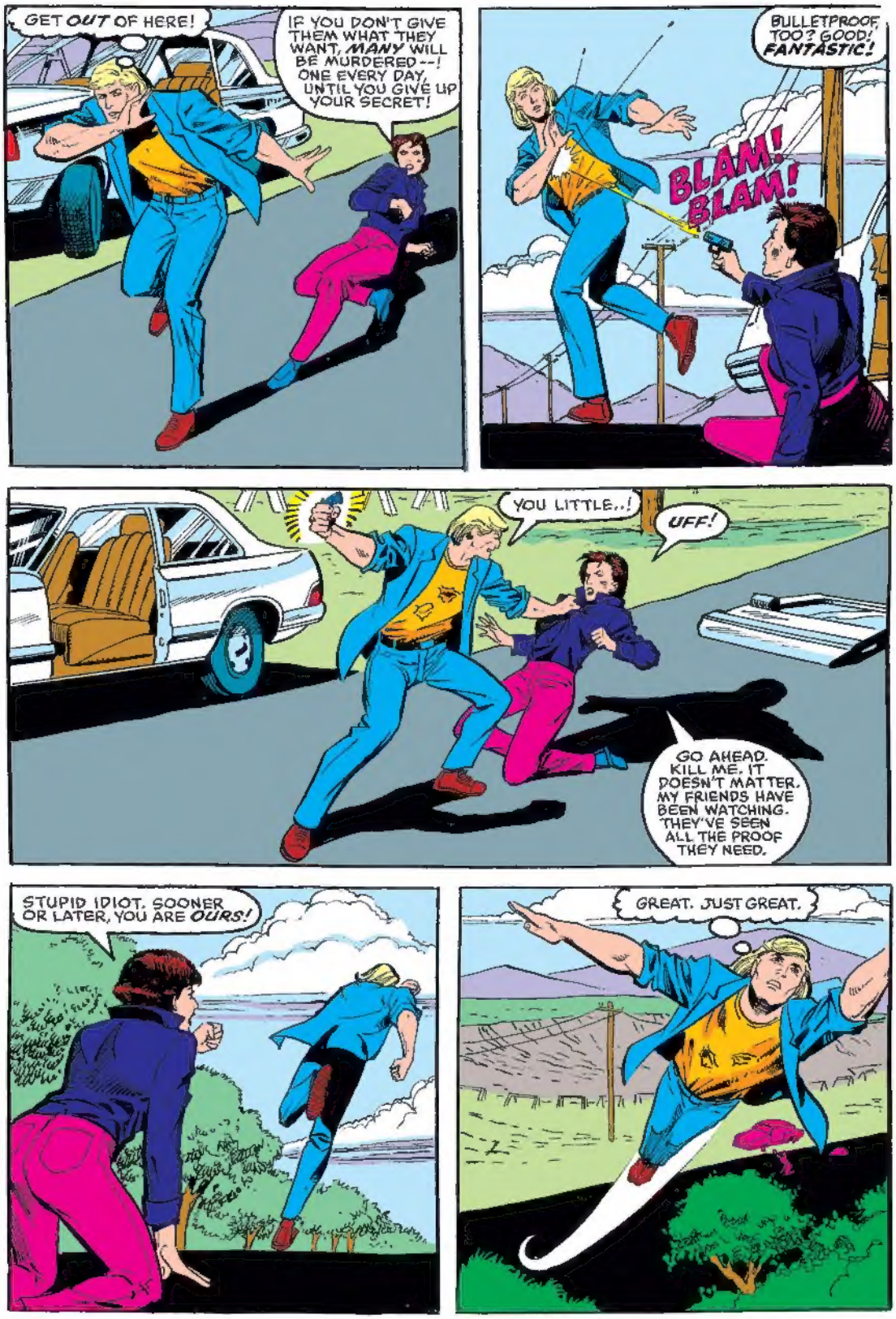

HER NAME'S GLORIE!
MAN, I LOVE THIS DADDY STUFF! IT'S EXCITING, YOU KNOW? I MEAN, THERE SHE IS, A LITTLE PERSON WHO'S ALL YOURS - LIKE CLAY FOR ME TO MOLD AND SHAPE. IT'S GOING TO BE GREAT WATCHING HER GROW UP.
YOU AND YOUR WIFE MUST BE VERY PROUD!
HOW IS KATHY, BY THE WAY?
SHE'S OKAY. UH, EXCUSE ME A MINUTE.
OH, LOOK, KEN!
HARDLY BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE A SANDWICH. BUT CUTE!
ISN'T IT GREAT THAT LENNY'S SO HAPPY ABOUT HIS BABY?
YEAH... I DON'T KNOW, BARB. MAYBE IT'S JUST ME, BUT THE WAY HE TALKS ABOUT IT--"MOLDING AND SHAPING" HER--IT'S LIKE, "OH, BOY, I GET TO PLAY GOD!" THAT'S... WEIRD.
HE PROBABLY DOESN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY.
BESIDES, KIDS NEED SOMEBODY RESPONSIBLE. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO--? LET THEM RUN WILD?
NO, BUT LENNY SOUNDS LIKE HE THINKS OF THE KID AS A TOY.
IF YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, YOU PUT YOUR FEELINGS ASIDE AND DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. YOU KEEP YOUR COMMITMENTS
DON'T TAKE THIS WRONG--I'M NOT PUSHING YOU--BUT I THINK YOU'D BE GOOD AT THAT
WOULD I? IS LENNY?
I WONDER WHAT KATHY THINKS?


LATER, AT BARB'S HOUSE...
THANKS, WENDY!
GOOD-NIGHT, MRS. PETROVIC!
IT'S REALLY NICE OF YOU TO WALK ME HOME, MR. CONNELL. I GET AFRAID WALKING HOME LATE AT NIGHT. THERE ARE SOME REAL CRAZIES AROUND...
NO PROBLEM, WENDY... EXCEPT THAT WHEN YOU CALL ME "MR. CONNELL" I THINK MAYBE MY FATHER'S WALKING BEHIND ME.
OH... OKAY.
GOOD-NIGHT, WENDY.
GOOD-NIGHT, KEN! SEE YOU SOON, I HOPE!
MINUTES LATER...
AHH! YOU CAME BACK!
SO... YOU PREFER THE WITHERED-BUT-WORLDLY TO THE NUBILE-BUT-NAIVE.
NAH. HER FATHER CHASED ME AWAY WITH A SHOT-GUN.
HIS CHECK IS IN THE MAIL.
COME HERE.
YOU DROVE ME TO THIS WITH THOSE THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD EYES. IF I LEAVE TEETHMARKS AND SCRATCHES ALL OVER YOUR BODY... I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE.
BARB, I... I HAVE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...


WHAT YOU SAID BEFORE--DO YOU REALLY THINK I'D BE GOOD AT...WELL ...KIDS?
YES. BECAUSE YOU'D TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. BECAUSE YOU CAN'T TURN YOUR BACK ON RESPONSIBILITY ONCE YOU'VE TAKEN IT...
...WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE SO CAUTIOUS ABOUT ACCEPTING IT. IN YOUR JOB. WITH ME...
WHY?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN, NOW. IT'D TAKE A WHILE.
I HAVE TO GO. THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF.
WHY NOW?
BECAUSE ...THERE ARE SOME REAL CRAZIES AROUND.
THERE'S THE CAR...
...BUT WHERE'S MATA HARI?


IT'S LATE. MAYBE SHE FELL ASLEEP IN THE CAR.
WON'T HURT TO LOOK, I SUPPOSE.
NOBODY COULD HAVE SEEN ME LAND. TOO DARK.
HOLY--!
SHE LOOKS... HURT!
LOCKED--!


YOU... CAME BACK...
THANK GOD...
EASY. IT'S ALL RIGHT, NOW.
WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME BY MIDNIGHT... MY BOYFRIEND... BEAT ME UP. HE SAID ...IF YOU DIDN'T COME BY DAWN... HE WOULD KILL ME.
HE'S INSANE. PLEASE... HELP ME. THEY'RE... CLOSE BY...
I'LL GET YOU AWAY FROM HERE.
NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. SOMEHOW THEY'LL FIND ME AND KILL ME.
YOU MUST GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT. PLEASE.
BUT... I CAN'T...
THAT'S NOT A BRUISE! IT LOOKS LIKE MAKE-UP!
ALL RIGHT, THEN--! TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE--! TO YOUR PLACE!
SHE'S STUDYING MY FACE!
WHAT'S WRONG?


GET OUT OF HERE!
IF YOU DON'T GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT, MANY WILL BE MURDERED --! ONE EVERY DAY, UNTIL YOU GIVE UP YOUR SECRET!
BULLETPROOF, TOO? GOOD! FANTASTIC!
BLAM! BLAM!
YOU LITTLE..!
UFF!
GO AHEAD. KILL ME. IT DOESN'T MATTER. MY FRIENDS HAVE BEEN WATCHING. THEY'VE SEEN ALL THE PROOF THEY NEED.
STUPID IDIOT. SOONER OR LATER, YOU ARE OURS!
GREAT. JUST GREAT.

SOON...
HUH..? KENNY!
OH, GARSH! I WAS PUTTIN' THE WORSH AWAY, AN' I--I JUST SAT DOWN TO REST FOR A SECOND, AN' I...OH, GEEZ, I'M SO SORRY, KENNY! I DINT MEAN TO...
IT'S OKAY, DUCK. NO PROB-LEM.
BUT'CHA LOOK SO UPSET! WHAT'S WRONG?
IT'S A LONG STORY. SOMEBODY ...FOUND OUT WHAT I CAN DO. AND THEY SAW MY FACE.
OH, WOW.
WORSE, I FINALLY REMEMBERED HER FACE. SHE'S A FOREIGN STUDENT. I ACTUALLY MET HER ONCE WHEN MYRON TOOK ME TO A SAMOVAR CLUB MEETING AT PITT.
THE QUESTION IS,.. DOES SHE REMEMBER ME?
ALL OF THE SUDDEN THIS IS A LOT MORE COMPLICATED THAN I THOUGHT.
A LOT MORE.
NEXT: PARANOIA, PARANORMALS, AND...THE FIGHT!